

"Another Sheaf" by Galsworthy

By BARRETT H. CLARK.

IN this day of a thousand and one suggestions and counter suggestions for "reconstruction" one feels a sense of security in perusing John Galsworthy's latest collection of papers, *Another Sheaf*.

Galsworthy is one of the few important writers who have during the war and during the short period since the signing of the armistice shown a bigness of soul and vision which we are led to expect from an author of his calibre. Such sanity is not observable in all writers, even those few whose artistic achievements are on a level with Mr. Galsworthy's. His point of view is admirably stated in one of the most illuminating papers of this new book, *The Balance Sheet*:

"... The writer of these speculations says to himself: 'Let me, at all events, try to eliminate any bias, and see the whole thing as should an umpire—one of those pure beings in white coats, purged of all the prejudices, passions and predilections of mankind. Let me have no temperament for the time being, for I have to set down—not what would be the effect on me if I were in their place, or what would happen to the future if I could have my way, but what would happen all the same if I were not alive. Only from an impersonal point of view, if there be such a thing, am I going to get even approximately at the truth.'"

And the writer proceeds to determine, so far as he is able, what will be the physical effect of the war on the soldier workman. The problem is set squarely before us. Without prejudice, without cant, without flag waving, Galsworthy sets down the facts as he sees them: "On the

whole, then, an increase of 'character,' a slight loss of mental activity, and neither physical gain nor loss to speak of." And the solution? Well, our author is too wise to map out a plan of campaign; he suggests the only possible remedy: a complete understanding between capital and labor. Perhaps this is really out of the question; it is at least the only way to try to avoid the great clash.

France, 1916-1917—An Impression, is a trenchant descriptive paper, with character sketches and impressive anecdotes, observed *sur le vif*. *Englishman and Russian* and particularly *American and Briton*, are illuminating. The latter is an attempt to interpret the Englishman to the American and the American to the Englishman, for "on the mutual understanding of each other by Britons and Americans the future happiness of nations depends more than on any other cause."

With his usual insight into the character of the American Mr. Galsworthy sums up thus briefly the attitude of most Americans in the following anecdote: "I am told that an American officer said recently to a British staff officer in a friendly voice: 'So we're going to clean up Brother Boche together!' and the British staff officer replied: 'Really?' No wonder Americans sometimes say: 'I've got no use for those fellows.' Yes, if the Englishman would forego his 'Really' he would come so much closer to the heart of the average American. But he won't, and that is why this Englishman has gone to the trouble of writing a simple and straightforward interpretation of his fellow countrymen to their cousins whose

"Really" so often takes the form of a slap on the back.

Anglo-American Drama and Its Future is full of good things, but I am afraid Mr. Galsworthy is too optimistic. Many Englishmen bewail the state of the drama in their own country and look to America for hope; do we not often do likewise, and look to England in despair?

The remaining essays, two on *The Land* and a number of shorter ones under the heading *Grotesques*, are all concerned with different aspects of the problems and the aftermath of the war.

Galsworthy the artist has always displayed a lively, passionate interest in politics as a form of human destiny; nothing that is human is foreign to him, and it is therefore not a departure, not more than the natural evolution of his mind, for him to indulge in the political speculation, or rather exposition, with which *Another Sheaf* is filled.

This book and its predecessor, *A Sheaf*, are the works of combat of a literary artist; they are in a way good deeds, helpful contributions to a subject of the greatest importance, but they are not the best that Mr. Galsworthy can give; it is to be hoped that the next Galsworthy volume will be a novel on the same high plane as *The Country House* and *The Dark Flower*.

ANOTHER SHEAF. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

JUST PUBLISHED

Another Sheaf

Another volume of Mr. Galsworthy's charming and characteristic essays and studies. It has a particularly timely interest in that it is so largely concerned with questions, material and artistic, of reconstruction; and it has a more special interest for Americans in many of its studies, which deal with American standards, intellectual and practical. Among the titles are: "American and Briton," "The Drama in England and America," "Impressions of France," "Balance Sheet of the Soldier-Workman," "The Road," etc.

"Mr. Galsworthy writes exquisitely. He thinks keenly on pressing practical problems. Everybody knows these two things; but when such a book is published as 'A Sheaf' a few years ago, and now 'Another Sheaf,' it is well to recall them before we take up the volume. For a writer who thinks keenly, feels humanely, and writes beautifully is indeed a master to turn to in this day—and it goes without saying that what he writes is valuable. We open 'Another Sheaf' in the full confidence of that. And our confidence is not misplaced."—New York Times. \$1.50 net.

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"The Daredevil of the Army"

By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH.

THE war restored romance to a world that had become rather prosaic, gave us back demi-godlike deeds, renewed our epic self-respect. It showed, as one returning chaplain has said, that there is no such thing as the common man. *The Daredevil of the Army*, by Capt. A. P. Coreoran, pictures the gallant work of the "Daredevils" and the "Buzzers," men who transmit or deliver the messages of an army. The Motor Cycle Despatch Corps of the British Army by their swift carrying of information made it possible for commanders to execute their campaigns. The author gives an instance.

"I learned," wrote Sir John French concerning activities around Mons, 'that Gen. Lanrezac was retreating on my right, that at least three German corps were moving against our front and another German corps trying to turn our left wing. Whereupon it was decided to fall back.'"

"I learned."

Suppose he had not learned. Suppose that, relying on French support, he had stood at Mons with his 75,000 men and 250 guns to face a victorious army of at least 200,000. Suppose he had defied von Kluck, quite unaware that von Buelow, also victorious, was threatening his flank.

Suppose it and you are supposing the annihilation of a British army due to the failure of its Motorcycle Despatch Corps.

"I learned," "Information reached me"—the public reads the words every day, never pausing to consider what they signify. "The news reached me!" How?

Before the eyes of the reader of *The Daredevil of the Army* rises the picture of the despatch rider, tissue paper strapped to his finger, revolver strapped to his waist, hurtling at sixty odd miles an hour over a shell shot and enemy infested highway.

"Deliver your despatch at all costs"—these are the instructions issued to the cyclist. . . . Death, capture, accidents—any may overtake him in his road, but none may deter or terrify him. 'The daredevil,' that is the name he earned in the early days of the war, when Gen. French credited him with the salvation of the British forces."

The author of this extremely readable book is a university man who had had divers experiences before the war, such as hunting big game in Africa and ranching in Bolivia, and who was eager to get into service in France without enduring the tedium of preliminary military drill. So he joined the Motor Despatch Corps. He relates his adventures in a swift, well ordered style that is free from the carelessness of many war books. He gives information concerning a phase of service that has been little known about. His work has value as well as interest.

Capt. Coreoran tells some experiences of his own. On one occasion he was buried alive in a tunnel with two companions, one of whom went mad and attacked the others. Another time he was scalped.

Once he was summoned to report to the Brigade Major.

"You've been recommended for a commission," he informs me amiably. I suppose I looked puzzled, for he adds the explanation: 'For good work—carrying despatches under fire.'"

"What else had I been doing since the beginning of this business but carrying despatches under fire? What else had I been doing when I received my wound? My feet lead me involuntarily to the Signal Office where the Signal Officer is sitting. I put the problem up to him. He smiles.

"Do you remember," he asks, 'on August 1 delivering a despatch to a battery commander outside Hooge?'

"Of course I do, but what of it?"
"Well," he explains, 'you may not be aware of the fact, but six men had tried to carry it before you, and every single one of them was killed.'"

THE DAREDEVIL OF THE ARMY. By Capt. A. P. COREORAN. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

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